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SARATOGA

AND

KAY-AD-ROS-SE-RA:

AN HISTORICAL ADDRESS,

—BY—

N. B. SYLVESTER,

DELIVERED AT SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.,

JULY 4, 1876.

"She stood beside the well her God had given
To gush in that deep wilderness, and bathed
The forehead of her child until he laughed
In his reviving happiness. * * * "

—Willis.

TROY, N. Y.:
WILLIAM H. YOUNG, 8 AND 9 FIRST STREET.
1876.

Price 25 Cents.

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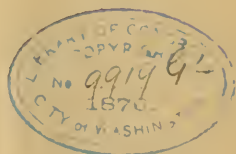
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PRELIMINARY PROCEEDINGS.

(From the Daily Saratogian of June 6th, 1876.)

"A meeting of prominent citizens was held at Congress Hall yesterday evening, for the purpose of considering the importance of having an historical address delivered here on the evening of the Fourth of July, in compliance with the request made through President Grant's proclamation. Gen. E. F. Bullard called the meeting to order, when Capt. J. P. Butler was called to the chair, and Frank H. Hathorn was chosen Secretary.

"It was moved and carried that our townsman, N. B. Sylvester, be invited to prepare and deliver the address on that occasion.

"An executive committee was appointed, consisting of A. M. Boyce, B. F. Judson, Paoli Durkee, H. A. Wilson, Chas. H. Hulbert, John T. Carr, E. F. Bullard, and John A. Bryan, after which the meeting adjourned."

CORRESPONDENCE.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, June 6th, 1876.

N. B. SYLVESTER, Esq.:

Dear Sir—I enclose to you the proceedings of a public meeting called to take action in regard to the annual, but this year centennial, natal day.

Our citizens, in view of a proclamation of the President, have extended to you a cordial invitation to prepare and deli-

ver on that occasion an historical address, at the Town Hall in this village.

I was designated to advise you of the action of the meeting, and solicit your acceptance.

Trusting that you may find it convenient to accede to this call, and advise us of your acceptance at an early day,

I am, sir,

Very respectfully yours,

J. P. BUTLER.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, June 7th, 1876.

CAPT. J. P. BUTLER :

Dear Sir—I received to-day your favor of yesterday, inviting me, in behalf of the citizens of Saratoga Springs, to prepare and to deliver, at the Town Hall, on the coming Independence day, an historical address.

Please assure the citizens that in accordance with their wishes I shall be happy to do what I can on the occasion, but while accepting the invitation, and thanking you for your kind expression of it, let me add that I fear the limited time intervening will hardly permit one to do the subject justice, especially in a place like Saratoga, around whose name cluster so many historic memories.

I remain,

Very truly yours,

N. B. SYLVESTER.

PROCEEDINGS AT THE TOWN HALL, JULY 4TH.

(From the Daily Saratogian, July 6th, 1876.)

"In compliance with the proclamation of the President, an historical address was read at the Town Hall, on the evening of the 4th by Mr. N. B. Sylvester, who had been requested by citizens to prepare and read such a paper. The meeting was formally opened by Capt. J. P. Butler, who made some timely remarks, concluding by nominating Judge A. Bockes as chairman. On taking the chair Judge B. introduced Mr. Sylvester, who read an able and carefully prepared paper, which will be found printed elsewhere in this morning's Daily Saratogian.

"At the conclusion of the address, Judge Bockes complimented Mr. Sylvester on the able paper he had just had the privilege of listening to, saying that it was an invaluable historical document.

"A motion was made and carried that the thanks of the meeting be extended to Mr. Sylvester; that the address be published, and that one copy be filed in the town clerk's office, and another be forwarded to Washington."

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"HISTORY OF SARATOGA.—We publish in full, in this paper, the admirably written and very interesting History of Saratoga prepared by Hon. N. B. Sylvester, and delivered to a small audience on the evening of the 4th of July. The audience was small owing to the furious rain storm which came up just about the time the meeting was to be held. But in the columns of the Sun Judge Sylvester's admirable historical address will be read by thousands of people, and by all of them with much pleasure, and certainly with great profit. Read it, by all means. True, it is pretty long, but then it abounds in historical facts and incidents which should be familiar to all intelligent Saratoga people."—*The Saratoga Sun*, July 17.

"MR. SYLVESTER'S HISTORICAL ADDRESS —We give the valuable historical address of Hon. N. B. Sylvester, delivered on the evening of the 4th, in full this week, and hope the readers of the Sentinel will file it for preservation."—*The Saratoga Sentinel*, July 13th.

"No formal celebration was had at Saratoga Springs. In the evening an audience gathered at the Town Hall to hear an historical address prepared in accordance with the proclamation of the President. Judge Bockes presided, and introduced the orator of the evening, Hon. N. B. Sylvester. His address, as published in the Saratogian, is a well written essay upon the early history of this section of the country, and bears evidence of deep study of the subject."—*The Ballston Democrat*, July 7th.

"N. B. Sylvester, Esq., formerly of this village, delivered an able and scholarly centennial historical address at Saratoga Springs on the Fourth. —*Journal and Republican*, (Lowville, N. Y.) July 12th.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

I.

INTRODUCTION.

Mr. Chairman and Fellow Citizens :

We meet to-day, on this anniversary of our nation's birth, under no ordinary circumstances.

Last evening's sun, as it slowly sank in glory behind the western hills, marked the closing hours of the first century of our nation's life.

Since the fathers of our republic met in Independence Hall, and, proclaiming liberty to all the land, made this day of the year forever memorable in the annals of the world, a hundred years have passed away.

And now that we have reached one of Time's mountain-peaks, it is well for us to pause for a few brief moments upon its summit, and look back over the weary way which we have been traveling, into the Past, before we press forward again with eager steps into the vale of the shadowy Future which lies forever so invitingly before us.

The people of this land have always been so busy with the stirring present, and so anxious about the immediate future, that they have been in a great measure careless

and forgetful of the past. Of a truth it may be said that our country, so young in years when compared with the nations of the Old World, has, until recently, scarcely had a past in which to look. Until quite recent times our nation's birth, as well as all the stages of its wondrous growth and development, have been within the observation and the memory of many living men. But at length a hundred years in passing have removed all the living landmarks, one by one, and now that the father's lips are sealed forever, and can no longer tell us the story, the children must grope their way among the too meagre records which they have left us, to find what the fathers did so wisely and so well toward building the great superstructure which we are now so proud to call our country, upon the foundation which they so firmly laid in suffering and in faith.

And as we look back through our country's history, we shall see much to admire and much to condemn. Like all other stories of man's doings, it is a checkered story of mingled good and ill. In its warp and in its woof are many threads of brilliant dyes and by far too many shades of darker hues. Let us hope that as the fabric of our country's history goes widening on, it may grow brighter also with its lengthening years.

But these reflections upon national affairs which so naturally rise in our minds all unbidden on this anniversary, are not our theme to-day. On this occasion, in compliance with the proclamation of the President, the history of our county, our town and our village demands our attention. And what name stands forth more glo-

riously in our country's annals than Saratoga? With Lexington and Bunker Hill, with Trenton, Monmouth and Ticonderoga, with Germantown and Yorktown, Saratoga is one of our country's high historic names.

It has been my endeavor, in the short time allotted me, to somewhat briefly recall the main incidents in the story of Saratoga of the olden time, and of its surroundings, which have rendered its name so famous in history. And although the most of these more important events in our history may be as familiar to you all as household words, I trust it will not be unprofitable for us to review them to-day, while every city, town and hamlet in the land is placing on record the story of its struggles and achievements in subduing the old wilderness, and in fitting the waste places of the earth for bearing fruitful harvests.

II.

GEOGRAPHICAL POSITION OF SARATOGA COUNTY.

In order to rightly understand the history of any place, and to properly comprehend the true bearing which events happening in other places near at hand or more remote have had upon its welfare, we must take into account its geographical aspects and position.

That part of our State which is commonly called Northern New York, in which Saratoga has, at all times, been so prominent, has always been, and is to-day, a vast wilderness surrounded by a narrow fringe of settlements. This wilderness region is a system of rugged highlands that rises into lofty mountain peaks in the interior, and

gradually slopes off on every side into deep depressions or valleys, in which run great water courses. On the north of this region flows the St. Lawrence. To the east of it are the valleys of Lake Champlain and the Upper Hudson. To the south of it is the Mohawk and the Oneida Lake and its outlet flowing through the Oswego river into Lake Ontario. On the west is Lake Ontario, from which runs the St. Lawrence, completing the encircling chain of almost a thousand miles of living waters that surround Northern New York, making of it an island.

Along these valleys which surround Northern New York, in which these water-courses run, have always been the world's great routes of travel. In these great natural thoroughfares ran all the old Indian trails, and for more than two hundred years they formed the pathway of contending armies.

After sixty years of smiling peace other armies travel through them, multitudes of summer tourists in search of health or pleasure, on their way to Saratoga, Lake George, the Adirondacks, the gloomy Saguenay, Trenton Falls, the Thousand Islands, Niagara, the great lakes, and the prairies beyond. In the pathway of the Indian warrior, and of the hostile armies of colonial times, stood Saratoga of the olden time. In the pathway of these multitudes of summer tourists stands the modern village of Saratoga Springs to-day, the world's greatest watering place.

From the earliest colonial times until the close of the war of the American revolution the people who dwelt

on the banks of the St. Lawrence were at almost perpetual war with the people whose homes were in the valleys of the Hudson and Mohawk. The territory which now comprises the county of Saratoga lay in the angle between two great pathways, one from the north and one from the west. And lying as it did in the angle of the war trails, it became the battle ground of nations. Whoever possessed it was master of the situation and held the door of the country. For the hundred and seventy years before the close of the war of the revolution in which its authentic history runs back, there was scarcely an hour of peaceful rest unbroken by the fear of the savage invader in this battle ground of Saratoga, in this angle between the great northern and western war trails.

III.

THE INDIAN SARATOGA.

Among the earliest dates in which the name Saratoga appears in history is the year 1684. It was not then the name of a town, nor of a county, neither was it the name of a great watering place, but it was the name of an old Indian hunting ground located along both sides of the Hudson River. The Hudson, after it breaks through its last mountain barrier above Glens Falls, for many miles of its course runs through a wider valley. After winding for a while through this wider valley, it reaches the first series of its bordering hills at a point in the stream nearly opposite Saratoga Lake. This old hunting ground was

situated where the outlying hills begin to crowd down to the river banks, and was called in the significant Indian tongue *Se-rach-ta-gue*, or the "Hillside country of the great river."*

It has also been said that Saratoga in the Indian language, means the "place of the swift water," in allusion to the rapids and falls that break the stillness of the stream where the hillside country begins on the river.†

Then again, an Indian whose name was *O-ron-hia-tek-ha* of Caugh-na-wa-ga on the St. Lawrence, who was well acquainted with the Mohawk dialect, informed Dr. Hough, the historian, that Saratoga was from the Indian *Sa-ra-ta-ke*, meaning "a place where the track of the heel may be seen," in allusion to a spot near by, where depressions like foot-prints may be seen in the rocks.‡

But whether its meaning be this, that, or the other, I am sure it is gratifying to us all that this famous resort, situated as it is on American soil, bears an American name.

As early as 1684, this hillside country of the Hudson, the ancient Indian *Se-rach-ta-gue*, was sold by the chiefs of the Mohawks to Peter Philip Schuyler and six other eminent citizens of Albany, and the Indian grant confirmed by the English government. This old hunting ground then became known in history as the Saratoga

* Steele's Analysis, p. 13, N. Y. His. Col.

† Vide Judge Scott's historical address at Ballston Spa, July 4th, 1876, also, Reminiscences of Saratoga, by Wm. L. Stone, p. 5.

‡ Hough's History of St. Lawrence and Franklin counties, p. 189. But Morgan, in his League of the Iroquois, says the signification of Saratoga is lost.

patent. As set forth in the Indian deed and described in the letters patent, it was a territory of fifteen miles in length along the river and six miles in width on both sides. It reached from the *Di-on-on-da-ho-wa*, now the Battenkill, near Fort Miller on the north, to the *Ta-nen-da-ho-wa*, now the Anthony's kill, near Mechanicville, on the south. The towns of old Saratoga and Stillwater on the west side of the river, and the town of Easton (the east town) on the east side of the river, are within the bounds of this ancient patent. This was the Saratoga of the olden time. It is called on some old maps *So-roe-to-gos land*.

In the year 1687, three years after the Mohawks had sold this hunting ground, and the patent had been granted, Gov. Dongan of New York attempted to induce a band of Christian Iroquois that the French missionaries had led to *Cach-na-oua-ga* to return and settle in ancient *Se-rach-ta-gue*.* This was done to form a barrier between the then frontier town of Albany and the hostile French and Indians on the north. Some of their descendants still make an annual pilgrimage to the springs, and encamping in the groves near by, form an interesting part of the great concourse of visitors.

But it will be seen that the ground on which the village of Saratoga Springs is built, and the region in which the famous mineral springs are found, formed no part of the old hunting ground and patent of Saratoga. The *So-roe-to-gos* land of the olden time lay along the Hudson, and extended no further west than Saratoga Lake.

* Doc. His. of N. Y. Vol. 1, p. 156.

IV.

KAY-AD-ROS-SE-RA.

The Indian name for the territory in which the famous mineral springs were found was *Kay-ad-ros-se-ra*.*

It was one of the favorite hunting grounds of the Iroquois, and lay in the angle between the two great rivers, to the south of a line drawn from Glens Falls on the Hudson westerly to near Amsterdam on the Mohawk. *Kay-ad-ros-se-ra* means in the Indian tongue the lake country.†

Its principal lake, now Lake Saratoga, was the Lake *Kay-ad-ros-se-ra* of the Mohawks, and its largest stream the *Kay-ad-ros-se-ra* river. On the old French maps, Saratoga Lake is called *Cap-i-a-qui*. The Indian name for Round Lake was *Ta-nen-da-ho-wa*.

The forests of ancient *Kay-ad-ros-se-ra* were full of game, and its lakes and streams swarmed with fish. The herring‡ ran up the west side of the Hudson, and through Fish creek, giving rise to its name, into Lake Saratoga in immense numbers. The shad ran up on the east side of the river, and lay in vast schools in the falls and rapids above and below Fort Edward. The sturgeon frequented the sprouts of the Mohawk, and sunned themselves in the basin below Cohoes§ falls.

* So written in Claude Joseph Sauthier's Map of 1779. Vide Doc. His. of N. Y., Vol. I, p. 774.

† Indian Pass, by Alfred B. Street, intro. p. xv.

‡ Vide Annals of Albany.

§ The Indian name for Cohoes falls was *Ga-ha-oose*, meaning the "ship-wrecked canoe." Vide Morgan's League of the Iroquois.

The wild animals of *Kay-ad-ros-se-ra* were attracted in immense numbers by the saline properties of the mineral springs that then bubbled up in its deepest shades, all unknown save to them and its Indian owners. In this "paradise of sportsmen" the Mohawks and their nearer sister tribes of the Iroquois, the Oneidas and Onondagas, and sometimes the farther off Cayugas and Senecas, built their hunting lodges every summer around its springs, and on the banks of its lakes and rivers. It will be seen that wild ancient *Kay-ad-ros-se-ra* was as famous in the old time to the red man as modern Saratoga is to-day to the white man.

The first grant made by the Mohawks of any part of *Kay-ad-ros-se-ra* bears date the 26th of August, 1702. In this deed the Indians sold to David Schuyler and Robert Livingston, Jr., a tract of land lying on the west bank of the Hudson, above the Saratoga patent, and running as far up as the great carrying place, (Fort Edward) "and westward into the woods as far as their property belongs." In the spring following, Samson Shelton Broughton, attorney general of the province obtained a license from the governor in behalf of himself and company, to purchase from the Indians a tract of land known by the Indian name of *Kay-ad-ros-se-ra*. This license is dated April 22, 1703. In pursuance of this license, a purchase was effected of *Kay-ad-ros-se-ra*, and an Indian deed given the 6th of October, 1704, signed by the sachems of the tribe. At length a release was obtained from David Schuyler and Robert Livingston, Jr., of their title acquired by the deed of the 26th

of August, 1702, and on the 2d day of November, 1708, a patent was granted by Queen Anne to "her loving subjects Nanning Hermance, Johannes Beekman, Rip Von Dam," and ten others, of the whole of *Kay-ad-ros-se-ra*. But it was not until the year 1768 that the deed given by the Indians in 1704 was confirmed by the tribe, and then only through the powerful influence of Sir William Johnson.

The chiefs said they were told by the agents of the purchasers that the description in the deed only covered "land enough for a good sized farm," and that they never intended by it to convey to the whites "for a few baubles," their great hunting ground, containing half a million acres. But after more than sixty years of fruitless quarrels over this old title, the Indians had grown weak and the whites had grown strong, and it is the old story, the weaker gave up to the stronger.

On the 24th day of March, 1772, three years before the war of the revolution broke out, and about the time the first white settler was building his rude cabin at the Springs, these two patents of *Kay-ad-ros-se-ra* and Saratoga were united by the colonial government into a district. The name *Kay-ad-ros-se-ra* was dropped, and the district named after the smaller patent, and called the District of Saratoga. Since then the grand old Indian name *Kay-ad-ros-se-ra*, so far as territory is concerned, has fallen out of human speech, and is only heard in connection with the principal stream and mountain chain of the great hunting ground so famous in Indian story.

The old hunting ground, the beautiful lake and the

famous springs, have all since the Act of the 24th of March, 1772, borne the name of Saratoga.

Six years after the district was formed, on the 7th of March, 1678, it was erected into the township of Saratoga. During all this time the district and town of Saratoga was a part of Albany county. It was not until the 7th of February, 1791, that the county of Saratoga was set off from Albany county. On the 9th of April, 1819, the township of Saratoga Springs was formed from the town of Old Saratoga, and on the 17th day of April, 1826, just fifty years ago, the village of Saratoga Springs was incorporated.

V.

THE DISCOVERY OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

You will remember that in the year 1609 two important events took place in the great northern valley extending from the Atlantic to the St. Lawrence, in which Saratoga is situated.

The one was the discovery and exploration of Lake Champlain by Samuel de Champlain, governor general of New France, in the early summer; and the other was the discovery and exploration of the Hudson river by Henry Hudson, an English mariner sailing in the employ of the Dutch East India company, early in the autumn. Champlain had founded his infant colony of Quebec only the year before.*

* Vide History of Lake Champlain, by Palmer, p. 20; Parkman's Pioneers of France; Champlain's Voyages de la Nouv France.

During his hunting excursions with the Indians, while sitting around their wild camp fires, they had told him marvelous stories of a great inland sea filled with wonderful islands lying far to the southward of the St. Lawrence, in the land of the terrible Iroquois. His curiosity was excited, and as soon as the melting snows of the next spring would permit, he set out upon a voyage for its discovery. After a toilsome passage up the rapids of the Richelieu, Champlain entered the lake—the far famed “wilderness sea of the Iroquois.” It was studded with islands that were clothed in the rich verdure of the early summer; its tranquil waters spreading southward beyond the horizon. From the thickly wooded shores on either side rose ranges of mountains, the highest peaks still white with patches of snow. Over all was flung the soft blue haze, sometimes called mountain smoke, which seemed to temper the sunlight, and shade off the landscape into spectral-like forms of shadowy beauty. Who does not envy the stern old forest-ranger his first view of the lake that was destined to bear his name to the latest posterity?

Champlain and his allies proceeded cautiously up the lake, traveling only by night, and resting on the shore by day, for they were in the land of the much dreaded Iroquois, the hereditary enemies of the Algonquin nations.

On the evening of the 29th of July they met, near what is now called Crown Point, a band of Iroquois in their canoes paddling down the lake. On the morrow a battle was fought upon the territory of Northern New York, that resulted in a victory for Champlain and his

Indian allies. The bold Iroquois, panic-stricken at the strange apparition of a white man clad in glittering armor, and sending forth from his weapons fire, smoke, thunderings and leaden hail, fled in uncontrollable terror toward their homes on the Mohawk, leaving everything behind them.

On the 12th of September, in the same year, Henry Hudson, in his staunch little ship, the Half Moon, sailed into the mouth of the river that bears his name, which he called the River of the Mountains, and, it is believed, explored the stream as far up as *Nach-te-nak*, the Indian name for the country lying around the "sprouts"* or mouths of the Mohawk.

From these two discoveries, made in the interests of rival powers, there arose conflicting claims to the territory of Northern New York. These conflicting claims resulted in a long series of bloody conflicts, of which the soil of Saratoga often formed the battle ground, for a hundred and sixty years.

VI.

THE DISCOVERY OF LAKE GEORGE.

The next important event in the history of the great northern valley was the discovery of Lake George.

In the olden time, when the whole north continent was

* The Mohawk, just before it flows into the Hudson, separates into four spreading branches, which the early Dutch settler significantly called *Spruytes*, which is from the Danish *Spruiten* or Saxon *Spryttan*, from which comes our English word *Sprouts*.—Vide Annals of Albany, vol. 2 page 226.

a vast howling wilderness from the Frozen Ocean to the flowery Gulf Land, many bright fair lakes lay sleeping in its awful solitudes, their waters flashing in the sunshine like gleaming mirrors, and lighting up the sombre desolation like jewels in an iron crown, but the fairest and the brightest of them all was Lake George. It was the gem of the old wilderness. Of the thousand lakes which adorn the surface of northern New York, there is none among them all so like "A diadem of beauty" as Lake George; its deepest waters as pure and bright as the dew drops that linger on its lilies.

The first white men* who saw Lake George were the Jesuit Father Isaac Jogues, and his two companions, Rene Goupil and Guillaume Couture, who were taken over its waters as prisoners—tortured, maimed and bleeding by the Mohawks—in the month of August, 1642. Father Jogues, who had been staying a year or two at the mission among the Hurons, had, in the spring of 1642, visited Quebec. On his return to the Huron country, he was captured by a roving band of Mohawks in the early morning of the second day of August on that expansion of the St. Lawrence now called Lake St. Peters.

After submitting to the most cruel tortures, he, with his companions, was taken through Lake Champlain to Lake George, and from the head of Lake George across the country on the old Indian war trail to the valley of the Mohawk.

The old Indian trail, from the head of Lake George to the Mohawk castles, ran directly across our old hunting

* Parkman's *Jesuits in North America*, p. 217, &c.

ground of *Kay-ad-ros-se-ra*, over the Greenfield hills and across Galway, along the slope of the mountains to the west of us, in plain sight of Saratoga Springs. It was a rugged trail, leading through the tangled forest in which there were many streams to ford, lakes to cross, swamps to pass over, and mountains to climb.

After remaining a prisoner in the Mohawk country until July of the next year, Father Jogues, aided by the Dutch settlers at Fort Orange (now Albany), made his escape.

In the spring of the year 1646, Father Jogues again passed through Lake George on his way to the Mohawk country. But this time he went as an ambassador from the French and Algonquins in Canada to ratify a treaty of peace with the Mohawks. On his way he reached Lake George on the eve of Corpus Christi, the feast of the Blessed Sacrament, and naming the beautiful lake in honor of the day, he called it "The Lake of the Blessed Sacrament." As Lake St. Sacrament this lake was known for more than a hundred years, until Sir William Johnson,* in 1775, changed its name to Lake George in honor of King George II. Better, says an eminent historian, had it been called Lake Jogues in honor of its gentle discoverer.

Again, in the fall of 1646, Father Jogues passed over Lake St. Sacrament, and along the old Indian trail which

* Doc. His. of N. Y., Vol. I, p. 429: "I am building a fort at this lake which the French call Lake St. Sacrament, but I have given it the name of Lake George, not only in honor to his Majesty, but to ascertain his undoubted dominion here."—Sir William Johnson to Board of Trade, September 3d, 1775.

led across *Kay-ad-ros-se-ra* to the Mohawk country. He was on his way to his mission, where he was soon murdered by the savages, and which was ever after known as the Mission of the Martyrs, St. Mary of the Mohawks.

VII.

THE WAR OF 1666.

After the weary feet of Father Jogues had ceased to tread the old trail that crossed *Kay-ad-ros-se-ra*, no white man passed this way again for twenty years.

In the year 1666, two expeditions crossed our old hunting grounds on their way to the Mohawk castles. The first was the one under Gov. Courcelle, which was made in the depths of the Canadian winter. Courcelle left Quebec on the 9th of January. Over the frozen lakes and rivers, and through the pitiless wintery forests he marched on snow shoes, creeping slowly on, day after day, with his little band. At night they encamped in squads among the trees, dug away the deep snow with their snow shoes, and piling it in a bank around them, built a fire in the middle, and lay down around it on beds of hemlock boughs to rest. After leaving Lake St. Sacrament, now Lake George, they lost their way, and wandered down to Saratoga Lake, and then struck the old Indian trail that led up the *Kay-ad-ros-se-ra* river and up the Mourningkill past Ballston Lake to the Mohawk

near Schenectady. But this expedition proved a failure, and Courcelle soon returned by the way he came.*

The second hostile expedition from Canada of the year 1666, was the one undertaken by the Marquis de Tracy, lieutenant governor of New France, in the autumn of that year. In the beginning of October, Tracy set out from Fort St. Anne, on the Isle La Motte, at the northern end of Lake Champlain, in command of 600 regular troops of the regiment Carignan-Salieres,† and about the same number of Canadians and Indians. In passing over Lake George this army formed the first of those military pageants which in after years made the fair scene historic. In going through the old wilderness of *Kay-ad-ros-se-ra*, over the Greenfield hills, in the vicinity of Lake Desolation, their provisions gave out and they came near starving. At length they came to a grove of chestnut trees, and finding nuts in great abundance, with them they satisfied their hunger.

Reaching the valley of the Mohawk, they marched through the whole length of it without opposition, de-

* M. de Courcelle was accompanied by M. du Gas, his lieutenant; M. de Salamper, gentleman volunteer; Father Pierre Raffeix, Jesuit; by 300 men of the Regiment Carignan-Salieres, and 200 volunteers—*habitans*. Doc. His. of N. Y., Vol. I., p. 65.

† The regiment Carignan-Salieres was the first body of regular troops sent to Canada by the French king. It was raised by Prince Carignan, in Savoy, in 1644, who, being unable to support it, gave it to the king. It was conspicuous in the service of the French king in the battles with Prince Condé in the revolt of the Fronde. In 1664, it took a distinguished part with the allied forces of France in the Austrian war with the Turks. It 1665 it came with Tracy to Canada. It was under the command of Colonel de Salieres—hence its double name.—Vide Parkman's Old Regime, and Doc. His. of New York, Vol. I.

stroyed all the Indian castles and corn fields, and took solemn possession of the country in the name of the French king. After erecting huge wooden crosses upon the ashes of the Indian villages, in token of conquest and dominion, they returned unmolested to Canada by the way they came.

The Mohawks, chastised and humbled, remained quiet for a long time afterward, and for another period of twenty years there was peace in the old blood-stained wilderness.

VIII.

THE WAR OF 1686.

Again in 1686, after these twenty years of peace were ended, the French and Indian war broke out afresh, and lasted through nine weary years to the peace of 1695. During this period of nine years, numerous war parties passed through *Kay-ad-ros-se-ra* and Saratoga on their way to and from the hostile settlements on the St. Lawrence and the Mohawk and lower Hudson. In the month of August, 1689, nine hundred Mohawk warriors passed over the old trail that led across the Greenfield hills, that twenty-three years before had been trodden by the victorious Tracy with his veteran soldiers and train of French noblemen. During the twenty years' peace, these wild savages had been nursing their wrath, and now their hour of sweet revenge had come. Launching their bark canoes, they swept down through Lakes George and Champlain, and landing on the island of Montreal, like

so many ravening wolves, carried the war to the very gates of the French forts on the St. Lawrence.

Six months later, in February, 1690, Lieut. Le Moyne de St. Helene passed down upon snow shoes, and traversing Lake Saratoga upon the ice, and winding up the *Kay-ad-ros-se-ra* river and the Mourningkill to the little hamlet, now below Ballston, called East Line, passed over Ballston Lake, and in the dead of the night of the 9th of February, swept down upon the sleeping inhabitants of Schenectady with indiscriminate slaughter.

On their hasty return they were followed by Major Peter Schuyler, at the head of a company of two hundred whites and a band of Mohawks, as far as Lake Champlain, and fifteen French prisoners were taken and brought back to the Mohawk towns.

And now we come during these nine years of war to the first of those military expeditions that were undertaken by the English colonies upon a large scale for the conquest of Canada, that, passing through Old Saratoga, made it a place of note in the annals of savage warfare.*

On the 1st day of May, 1690, the first American Congress met at the old fort in the city of New York. In pursuance of its recommendations, a joint expedition of the colonies for the conquest of Canada was planned and fitted out, the command of which was given to General Fitz John Winthrop of Connecticut.

On the 14th day of July, 1690, Gen. Winthrop left Hartford with the New England troops, and passing through a virgin wilderness, whose interminable shades

* Butler's Lake George and Champlain, p. 26.

were broken only by the little settlements at and near Albany, arrived at Stillwater on the 1st of August.

Stillwater was "so named" says the old chronicler, "because the water passes so slowly as not to be discovered, while above and below it is disturbed, and rageth as in a great sea occasioned by rocks and falls therein."

On the day after, he arrived at *Sar-agh-to-ga*, near where Schuylerville now is. Here at Saratoga he found a block-house and some Dutch troops under Major Peter Schuyler, mayor of Albany, who had preceded him with the New York forces. From this date, the 2d day of August, 1690, six years after the old patent was granted, and almost two centuries ago, Saratoga takes its place among the long list of our country's geographical names.

Major Schuyler had already pushed up to the second carrying place, now Fort Miller Falls, where he had stopped to build some bark canoes. The next and third carrying place above was from the Hudson at Fort Edward to what is now Fort Ann on Wood Creek. This portage ran through a magnificent grove of pines for twelve miles, and was known in old forest annals as the "Great Carrying Place."

This expedition proved an utter failure. But before its return, Capt. John Schuyler, brother of the mayor, and grandfather of Gen. Philip Schuyler of revolutionary memory, pushed on down Lake Champlain and made his famous raid upon the Canadian settlement of La Prairie.

In the next year, 1691, Major Peter Schuyler, at the head of two hundred and sixty whites and eighty Mohawks from their camp at Saratoga Lake, following in

the track of his brother, made another descent upon the doomed settlement of La Prairie.

To retaliate these injuries, Count de Frontenac, Governor-general of Canada, resolved to strike a blow upon the Mohawk settlements. Accordingly, in January, 1693, he sent a force of six hundred and twenty-five men, including Indians, who passed down over the old trail that led from Lake George to the bend of the Hudson above Glens Falls, and from thence through Wilton, Greenfield, and along the brow of the *Kay-ad-ros-se-ra* range to the Mohawk castles. On its return march over this old trail, this war party was followed by Major Peter Schuyler and his forces, who overtook it in the town of Greenfield or Wilton.

Up yonder, near the old Indian Pass over the Palmer-town range on the border of Wilton, almost if not quite in sight of Saratoga Springs, in the month of February, 1693, a battle was fought, or rather a series of engagements took place, in which the French loss amounted in all to thirty-three killed and twenty-six wounded. At the conclusion of the fight the French retreated toward the Hudson. It had been thawing, and the ice was floating in the river. When the French arrived on its banks a large cake of ice had lodged in the bend of the stream. The French crossed over on this cake of ice in safety, but before their pursuers came up it had floated away, leaving them no means of crossing, and the chase was relinquished. This closes the record of the nine years' war from 1686 to 1695. From the year 1695 until the year 1709,

a period of fourteen years, peace again spread her white wings over the grim old wilderness.

IX.

THE WAR OF 1709.

In the year 1709 the war known as Queen Anne's war broke out between England and France, and the warfare of the wilderness again began its savage butchery.*

In this war we come to the founding and construction of the military works in old Saratoga and along the great northern valley, which lasted unto comparatively modern times, and with whose names we have been so long familiar.

Again in 1709 a joint expedition like that led by Gen. Winthrop in 1690, was planned for the conquest of Canada. In 1709, Major Richard Ingoldesby, who had come over in command of the Queen's four companies of regulars, was lieutenant governor of the province. Peter Philip Schuyler was now a colonel in the service, as well as one of the governor's council and a commissioner of Indian affairs, while his brother John had been advanced to the rank of lieutenant colonel. The command of the expedition was given by Ingoldesby in May to Gen. Nicholson.

About the 1st of June, Col. Schuyler, in command of the vanguard of the English forces, comprising three hundred men, including pioneers and artificers, moved out of Albany upon his northward march. At Still-

* Vide Butler's Lake George and Champlain, and N. Y. His. Doc.

water, Colonel Schuyler halted his command, and built a small stockaded fort for provisions, which he named Fort Ingoldesby, in honor of the lieutenant governor. Halting again at old Saratoga, where he had built a block house in 1690, and which in the meantime had become a little hamlet in the wilderness, Col. Schuyler built another stockaded fort. This fort was built on the east side of the Hudson, below the mouth of the Battenkill, on the hill nearly opposite the mouth of Fish Creek, and was known as Fort Saratoga.

Proceeding up the river, Col. Schuyler built another fort at the second carrying place of Fort Miller Falls. From Fort Miller Falls Col. Schuyler built a military road along the east banks of the Hudson up to the Great Carrying Place. At the beginning of the Great Carrying Place on the Hudson, at what is now Fort Edward, Col. Schuyler built another stockaded fort which he named Fort Nicholson, in honor of the commanding general. Proceeding across the Great Carrying Place to the forks of Wood creek, which runs into Lake Champlain, he built another stockaded fort, which was first called Fort Schuyler, but which two years later was called Fort Anne, in honor of the Queen. I need not follow the fortunes of this expedition to its failure and return.

Two years later, in the year 1711, another expedition in command of Gen. Nicholson, left Albany, on the 24th of August, and proceeding up the northern valley of the Hudson, crossed the Great Carrying Place to Fort Anne. While there, Gen. Nicholson learned that her Majesty's fleet in the St. Lawrence, which was to co-operate with

him in the conquest of Quebec, had been shattered by storms with the loss of a thousand men. So he returned to Albany with all his forces, and the third expedition fitted out for the conquest of Canada proved like the other two a most mortifying failure. But in 1713, peace was again declared between England and France, which lasted until 1744, and so for a period of thirty-one years there was peace along the great northern war-path.

During this period of thirty-one years of quiet in the old wilderness, the French were not idle on Lake Champlain, neither were the Schuylers idle at their little settlement of Old Saratoga.

In 1731, during this period of profound peace, the French built Fort St. Frederick, at Crown Point, on Lake Champlain. This fort soon became a menace and a terror to the people of the valley of the Upper Hudson. There grew up under its protecting walls a little French village of near fifteen hundred inhabitants, and the valley of Lake Champlain became as much a province of New France as was the valley of the St. Lawrence. During this period of thirty-one years of peace, the landing place of Old Saratoga grew into a little forest hamlet containing some thirty houses and over one hundred inhabitants.

X.

THE WAR OF 1744.

The war of 1744 found Saratoga, with its little tumble-down stockaded fort on the hill near by, the extreme

northern outpost of the English settlements. There was but a single step, as it were, between it and the frowning walls of the French fort St. Frederick at Crown Point, from which a deadly blow might be expected at any moment. In November, 1745, the blow came. At midnight, on the 15th of November, the sleeping inhabitants of Old Saratoga were awakened by the terrible war-whoop. The place was attacked by a force of three hundred French and Indians under the command of M. Marin. The fort and houses of the village were all burned to the ground. Of the inhabitants thirty were killed and scalped, and sixty made prisoners.

The celebrated French missionary, Father Picquet, the founder of the mission and settlement La Presentation, at the mouth of the Oswegatchie, now Ogdensburgh, on the St. Lawrence, in 1749, accompanied this expedition. From his tireless zeal he was called by the French "The Apostle to the Iroquois," and by the English "The Jesuit of the West."

During this short war no less than twenty-seven marauding parties swept down from Fort St. Frederick at Crown Point upon the settlers of what are now Saratoga and Rensselaer counties. It was the midnight war-whoop, the uplifted tomahawk, the scalping knife, the burning dwelling, the ruined home, that made the whole country a scene of desolation and blood.

In the spring of 1746, the English rebuilt and enlarged the Fort at Saratoga, and named it Fort Clinton, in honor of the governor of the Province. During the night of the 17th of June, 1747, Fort Clinton at old

Saratoga was approached by a band of French and Indians under the command of La Corne St. Luc. While the main body of the French were lying in concealment near by, La Corne sent forward six scouts with orders to lie in ambush within eight paces of the fort, to fire upon those who should first come out of the fort the next morning, and if attacked, to retreat, pretending to be wounded. At daybreak in the morning two Englishmen came out of the fort, and they were at once fired upon by the French scouts, who thereupon fled. Soon after the firing began, a hundred and twenty Englishmen came out of the fort, headed by their officers, and started in hot pursuit of the French scouts. The English soon fell in with the main body of the French, who, rising from their ambuscade, poured a galling fire into the English ranks. The English at first bravely stood their ground, and sharply returned the fire. The guns of the fort also opened upon the French with grape and cannon shot. But the Indians soon rushed upon the English with terrible yells, and with tomahawk in hand drove them into the fort, giving them scarcely time to shut the gates behind them. Many of the English soldiers, being unable to reach the fort, ran down the hill into the river, and were drowned or killed with the tomahawk. The Indians killed and scalped twenty-eight of the English, and took forty-five prisoners, besides those drowned in the river.

In the autumn following this disaster, Fort Clinton of Saratoga was dismantled and burnt by the English, and Albany once more became the extreme northern outpost of the English, with nothing but her palisaded walls be-

tween her and the uplifted tomahawks of the ever-frowning north. In May, 1848, peace was again proclaimed, which lasted for the brief period of seven years, until the beginning of the last French and Indian war of 1755, which ended in the conquest of Canada.

During this short peace of seven years the settler's axe was again heard, as he widened his little clearing upon many a hillside, and the smoke went curling gracefully upward from his lonely cabin in many a valley along the Upper Hudson.

It was in the summer of 1749, during the short peace, that Peter Kalm,* the Swedish botanist, traveled through this great northern war path in the interests of science. He gives in his account of the journey a graphic description of the ruins of the old forts at Saratoga, at Fort Nicholson and Fort Ann, which were then still remaining in the centres of small deserted clearings in the great wilderness through which he passed. He made many discoveries of rare and beautiful plants before unknown to Europeans, and in our swamps and lowlands a modest flower, the *Kalmia-glauca*, swamp-laurel, blooms in perpetual remembrance of his visit. But there were no mineral springs in the Saratoga visited by Peter Kalm.

* Vide Kalm's Travels in Pinkerton, vol. 13.

XI.

THE WAR OF 1755.

And now we come to the stirring events of the last French and Indian war.

This short war lasted only four years, from 1755 to 1759, but during its continuance great armies marched through the old northern war path, dyeing its streams with blood, and filling its wild meadows with thousands of nameless new-made graves, and at its close the sceptre of the French kings over the valleys of Lake Champlain and the St. Lawrence dropped from their hands forever. But in this war the tide of battle moved northward and, settling around Lakes George and Champlain, passed beyond the limits of Saratoga.

Time will permit me to hardly give more than the names of the vast armies—vast armies for those times and for those northern wilds—whose movements then made that fair scene the classic ground of our country's history.

The first expedition was that under Sir William Johnson, who in the summer of 1755 took his position at the head of Lake St. Sacrament, changed its name to Lake George in honor of the English King, and in token of his empire over it, and successfully defended it in the three bloody battles of the 8th of September with the French and Indians, in command of the veteran French general, the Baron Dieskau.

It was while on his way to Lake George, in the month of August, 1755, that Gen. Lyman halted his troops and built a fort in old Saratoga, at the mouth of Fish Creek, now Schuylerville, on the Hudson, and named it Fort

Hardy, in honor of Sir Charles Hardy, the governor of New York. After the battle of the 8th of September, 1755, Sir William Johnson built Fort William Henry, at the head of Lake George, naming it in honor of the Duke of Cumberland.

Of Gen. Winslow's fruitless expedition of 1756, during which he built Fort Winslow, at Stillwater, in the place of Fort Ingoldesby, built by Col. Schuyler in 1709; of the campaign of 1757, in which Gen. Montcalm invested and destroyed Fort William Henry, at Lake George, whose surrender was followed by the dreadful massacre of a part of its garrison by the Indians; of the magnificent army led by Gen. Abercrombie, in 1758, against Fort Carilon, at Ticonderoga, into the jaws of slaughter and defeat, and of the final triumph of the English forces, under Gen. Amherst, on Lake Champlain, and under Gen. Wolfe, at Quebec, in 1759, I shall make but this passing mention.

The peace of 1763, between England and France, brought joy to the war worn inhabitants of the great Northern valley. The hardy settlers, now that all fear of the northern invader was gone, left the banks of the rivers and the protection of the forts, and began to push their way into the heart of the old wilderness, and among them came Dirk Schouten, the first white settler of modern Saratoga, who built his lonely cabin among the Indian wigwams, near the High Rock spring, in the summer of 1771.

But before we briefly trace the history of Schouten's little clearing, with its rude cabin, through its slow devel-

opment into our modern village, we must glance at some of the important events that occurred during the peace of twelve years, which ended in the war of the American revolution, and also notice the important battles of that war, which, taking place on the soil of old Saratoga, have shed such lustre on her name.

XII.

TRYON AND CHARLOTTE COUNTIES.

It was during these twelve years of peace preceding the revolution, on the 24th day of March, 1772, that the county of Albany was divided, and the counties of Tryon and Charlotte set off.

In the crowded annals of the state of New York there floats an almost mythical name, which for nearly a century has had no "local habitation." That name is Tryon county.

For a long time previous to the year 1772, which year was the birth year of Tryon county, the whole northern and western part of the state was included in Albany county. In the spring of that year the county of Albany was divided, and the counties of Tryon and Charlotte set off.

Tryon county was named in honor of Governor Wm. Tryon, and Charlotte county in honor of Princess Charlotte, eldest daughter of George III.

Tryon county included all the western part of the province of New York which lay to the west of a line running from the north line of the state down along the west

line of what is now Saratoga county, to the Mohawk, thence around through the centre of Schoharie county to the north-east corner of Pennsylvania.

It was 200 miles in extent along its eastern line, and stretched out westward 300 miles to Lake Erie.

Charlotte county included all the northern part of the state lying to the north of what are now the counties of Saratoga and Rensselaer, and eastward of the Tryon county line. The shire town of this immense county of Tryon was Johnstown, the residence of Sir William Johnson.

Sir William was then living in baronial splendor with the Mohawk princess, Molly Brandt, who was his Indian wife, and their eight dusky children. He was superintendent general of Indian affairs in North America, colonel of the Six Nations, and a major-general in the British service. Near him, along the fertile valley of the Mohawk, were his Dutch neighbors from the Hudson, and further up the valley, at German Flats, now Herkimer, were the Palatines, the emigrants from the Lower Palatinate of the Rhine. Stretching along to the westward through the whole valley of Central New York, were the Iroquois cantons of the Six Nations, the fiercest savages of the new world.

Such were the elements of power in Tryon county when the war of the revolution broke out. At its close the scene was changed. The tenants of the Johnson manor were fugitives in Canada; the Indian confederacy was destroyed save a few remnants, and the Dutch and the Palatines were the masters of the valley.

Of the ten thousand white inhabitants of the valley at the beginning of the war, one-third had fled; one-third had been slain in battle or murdered at their firesides, and among the remaining third were more than three hundred widows and two thousand orphan children.*

Then the people of Tryon county, smiling through their tears, changed its name to Montgomery, and the name of the county of Charlotte was changed to Washington. This change was made in 1784, and since then those names have faded out of speech, and are only to be found in musty records or on the historian's page.

XIII.

CAMPAIGN OF 1777.

In the campaign of 1777, Saratoga again became the battle ground of the great northern valley.

In the early summer of that year Gen. Burgoyne, with the British army under his command, swept down from the north through the old war-path, driving everything before him. On the 30th of June, at Crown Point, Burgoyne uses to his army this striking language in his general orders: "The army embarks to-morrow to approach the enemy. The services required of this particular expedition are critical and conspicuous. During our progress occasions may occur in which nor difficulty, nor labor, nor life, are to be regarded. This army must not retreat." On the 29th of July the British army arrived on the banks of the Hudson at Fort Edward. About the

* Vide Campbell's Annals of Tryon county.

same time the American forces under General Schuyler moved down and made a stand on the islands at the mouth of the Mohawk, where the rude earthworks then thrown up by them can still be seen by the curious traveler as he rides near them and even over them in the cars.

Before the middle of August, Burgoyne passed down the east side of the river to the Fort Miller Falls and the mouth of the Battenkill, where he remained for over a month, until he crossed the Hudson on the 13th and 14th of September, and encamped on the heights of Saratoga, on his way to Bemis Heights.

On the 19th of August, Gen. Gates superseded Gen. Schuyler in the command of the northern army, and on the 23d, Col. Morgan's regiment of riflemen arrived in the American camp from Virginia.

It has always seemed to me that the removal of Gen. Philip Schuyler from the command of our northern army, although at the time so loudly called for by the disaffected, and perhaps necessary in order to appease their clamor, was really an act of injustice to that distinguished son of New York, and that much of the brilliant success of that army in the end was due to the prudent plans and wise forethought of Gen. Schuyler.

On the 8th of September, Gen. Gates marched his army up to Stillwater, and a day or two after went two miles further up the river and took his position at Bemis Heights.

At Bemis Heights the hills crowd down to the river bank, and leave only a narrow defile through which the

great northern road runs up and down the valley. At the foot of the hill by the roadside near the bank of the river, stood a little tavern kept by one Bemis. His farm ran up over the hills back into the woods to the west of his tavern stand, and the hills were called after him Bemis Heights.

Gen. Gates took possession of this narrow defile on the river bank, and extending his left wing back over the heights to the westward, threw up intrenchments, and awaited the approach of Burgoyne. He did not wait long.

On the 15th Burgoyne moved down on the west side of the river to Coveville. On the 17th he encamped near Sword's house, within four miles of the American army. Between him and the American camp, along the hills back from the river, there were several deep ravines to cross, and Burgoyne spent the 18th in making roads and bridges over these ravines.

At ten o'clock on the morning of the 19th of September, Burgoyne broke up camp at Sword's house, and dividing his army into three divisions, took up his march to attack the Americans in their intrenchments. General Burgoyne, in command of the center column, followed the road through the woods and across the ravines about a mile back from the river which he had cut the day before. Gen. Frazer, in command of the right wing, took a circuitous route about a mile further back from the river than Burgoyne, while Gen. Philips and Gen. Reidesel, with the left wing proceeded down the road along the river's bank.

The country was then all covered with its primeval forests, in which were here and there a small clearing with its lonely, deserted log cabin. On the road which Burgoyne took with his center column, there was one of those little clearings, which lay about a mile north of the American camp, and a mile back from the river. This clearing contained some twelve acres of ground. It was about the size of two city blocks, and was called Freeman's farm.

In that little clearing in the old wilderness, on that 19th day of September, 1777, was fought one of the few decisive battles of the world.*

I will not weary you with its details. The battle began about noon, at the log house, where a company of Morgan's Riflemen was stationed when the pickets of the center division of the British army reached the clearing. The British pickets, who were commanded by Major Forbes, were soon driven back to the main column, and the pursuing American riflemen routed in turn.

Reinforcements soon coming up from the American camp, and the main central British column under Burgoyne advancing into the clearing, at three o'clock the battle became general. Like the waves of a stormy sea the combatants drove each other back and forth across

* Henry Hallam, author of the celebrated work, the "View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages," defines decisive battles as "those few battles of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes." E. S. Crecy, professor of history in the University Col. of London, has selected fifteen battles, beginning with Marathon, which took place 2366 years ago, and ending with Waterloo, in 1815, as the only ones coming within this definition. Among the fifteen he names Saratoga.—Vide Gen. Bullard's Historical Address at Schuylerville, July 4th, 1876.

that little clearing all the afternoon for four weary, bloody hours, until night closed the scene.

When the shadows of that night passed over that bloody field, *the cause of American Independence was won.*

At the conclusion of the fight, the Americans returned to their camp on the heights. They had scarcely a single round of ammunition left in their magazines. Had the British renewed the attack on the morrow, they would have achieved a bloodless victory, but they were too much crippled by the fight to renew it again so soon. Upon how slender a thread does the fate of nations sometimes hang. Gen. Gates alone knew the terrible secret, and a large supply coming up from Albany the next day, the danger was averted.

The British encamped on the field of battle, and occupying the plain to the east of it, down to the river's bank at what is now called Wilbur's Basin, threw up a line of intrenchments from the river to the Freeman farm corresponding with the American works at Bemis Heights. The two armies remained in this position for eighteen days.

Again on the afternoon of the 7th of October, the British marched out of their encampment to make another attempt to turn the left wing of the American army. Again the Americans marched out of their intrenchments to meet them, bearing down upon them with such fury that in less than an hour the British were driven into their intrenchments with great slaughter.

Then around the British camp at Freeman's Farm the

battle raged furiously till nightfall, the Americans carrying the British out-posts at the point of the bayonet as the darkness set in. Once more on Freeman's farm, and on the hill to the west of it where the first attack was that day made, the dead bodies of the slain lay upon the ground "as thick as sheaves in a fruitful harvest field."

On the morning of the eighth the British were all huddled down around the Smith house at Wilbur's Basin, and the victorious Americans had advanced to the plain just below them.

At sunset on the evening of the 8th the British buried Gen. Frazer in the great redoubt on the bluff overlooking the river near the Smith house, and soon after took up their midnight retreat toward the plains and heights of Saratoga.

Then on the morning of the 17th of October, amid the crimson and golden glories of our American autumn forests, the like of which they had never seen before, the British marched out of their perilous camp "to the verge of the river where the old fort stood"—Fort Hardy—and laid down their arms as prisoners of war to the victorious Gates.

The Americans were now masters of the great northern valley. These old hunting grounds in the angle of the war trails were theirs. The country itself was from that day theirs.

And now it is proposed to build a monument on the heights of old Saratoga in honor of the surrender. It is well to do something worthy of a grateful people to keep in remembrance so important an event in their history as

the surrender of Burgoyne and his army. But if the ground on which the final surrender of the already beaten and conquered British army took place, is worthy of such honor, should there not also be something done to mark the spot where the *terrible wrench of the battle came*, and was so bravely met in the field of that little clearing in the old wilderness, on the 19th of September, and the 7th of October, 1777? It has been objected that what was then called Freeman's farm, where those battles occurred, is an out of the way place, where few would ever see a monument. Every man, woman and child in our country should make a pilgrimage to that old battle ground, and a monument built upon it so high that all the people in the land can see the spot where their country was saved.

XIV.

THE SMALL BEGINNINGS OF MODERN SARATOGA.

But before I bring this address to a close, I must say something of the small beginnings in the wilderness, that have during the last ninety years of peace grown and developed into our modern village. And on a subject upon which so much has been written, and with which you are all more or less familiar, I need not detain you long.

But before we look into its early history, we must for a moment notice the geographical situation of the village of Saratoga Springs. The mountains of the great wilderness of Northern New York belong to the Laurentian system of Canada, and a spur of this great Laurentian chain

which extends from Labrador along the northern shore of the St. Lawrence, crosses the great river at the Thousand Islands into Northern New York.

After forming the Thousand Islands by its rugged, broken character in crossing the St. Lawrence, this spur of the Laurentines, spreads easterly to Lake Champlain and the valley of the Upper Hudson, southerly to the valley of the Mohawk, westerly to the Black river, thus with its rugged broken rocks forming the great highland region of the wilderness, with its thousand lakes and thousand mountain peaks.

The village of Saratoga Springs lies on the south-eastern corner of the great highland region of the wilderness and on the very edge of the system of old Laurentian rocks. Along in the valley which runs through the village, the hard Laurentian rocks terminate, and the softer rocks of the Trenton limestone and Hudson river slates begin. In the geologic fault or fissure which here occurs between these two systems of rocks, the mineral springs burst forth. The most easterly of the five great mountain chains of this wilderness, the Palmertown range, ends in the northern part of the village, while the next chain westerly, the *Kay-ad-ros-se-ra* range, fills up its western horizon. Thus this village of Saratoga Springs sits at the foot of the Adirondacks, and while it sips its mineral waters, it breathes the pure invigorating air of the mountains.

The first white man who visited Saratoga Springs, says Sir William Johnson, was a sick French officer whom an

Indian chief brought from Fort Carilon for the benefit of the waters.*

The next, it is believed, was Sir William Johnson himself, who came here in August, 1767. His faithful Mohawks brought him through the woods from Schenectady by the way of Ballston Lake to the High Rock spring.

The High Rock of Saratoga with its wonderful spring is too familiar to need a description here. It was doubtless formed by slow accretions from the mineral substances deposited by the flowing waters, until it assumed its present shape, with the water running over the top and down the sides. For a long time, however, before Sir William's visit, it had ceased to flow over the top, and had found some other outlet.

According to an old Indian legend, while it was still flowing over the top, some squaws once bathed in it their sooty faces against the will of the water's spirit, and the offended waters, shrinking from their polluting touch, sank down in shame into the bosom of the rock, and never afterwards were seen to flow over its surface.†

* "An Indian, it is said (of those no doubt
Whom French intrigues had from this country drawn)
In earlier wars a sick French captain led
To these rare fountains to regain his health."

—*Mineral Waters*, by Reuben Sears, 1819.

Sir William Johnson made this observation when he sold this tract of land to private individuals: "In tracing the history of these mineral springs, I could only learn that an Indian chief discovered them to a sick French officer in the early part of their wars with the English, but whether they were these very springs in this basin, or those at ten miles distance properly called Saratoga Springs, I know not."—Vide Morse's Gazetteer, article Ballston.

† Chancellor Walworth's speech at Saratoga Springs, August 23, 1866.

In the partition and division of the patent of *Kay-ad-ros-se-ra* among its owners, which occurred on the 22d of February, 1771, lot 12 of the 16th allotment fell to Rip Van Dam. This lot 12 was about three miles long and one and three-fourths wide. It contained over three thousand acres, and in it were all the mineral springs of Saratoga. Rip Van Dam died soon after the division, and his executors sold lot 12 to Jacob Walton, Anthony Van Dam and Isaac Low. After the war the state took possession of Low's interest in lot 12, and sold it to Henry Livingston and his brothers. In 1793 Walton purchased Anthony Van Dam's interest, and from that time the original title to most of the lands in the village can be traced to the Waltons and the Livingstons.

In the year 1773 Dirk Schouten, the pioneer settler of Saratoga Springs, came up to chop his small clearing, to plant a few potatoes, and build his humble cabin on the bluff a little west of the High Rock spring.

Schouten's route to the springs was from the Hudson to the east side of Saratoga Lake, thence across the lake in a bark canoe to the mouth of the *Kay-ad-ros-se-ra* river, thence up the river two miles to an Indian trail that led to the springs. The way to the springs is much plainer now-a-days than it was a hundred years ago.

Before Schouten's cabin was completed he quarrelled with the Indians, and they drove him away.

In the next summer, that of 1774, John Arnold, from Rhode Island, with his young family, tried his fortunes at Saratoga Springs. He took possession of Schouten's

deserted cabin, and, making some improvements, opened a kind of rude tavern for the visitors of the springs.

This pioneer hotel had but a single room or two on the ground floor, with a chamber overhead. In sight of it were sixteen Indian cabins filled with their savage occupants. In the rocky ledges near by were numerous dens of rattlesnakes. There were so many of these reptiles then at the Springs, that the early visitors often had to hang their beds from the limbs of the trees to avoid them. Nightly, the wolves howled, and the panther screamed ; daily, the black bears picked berries in the little clearings, and the wild deer and the moose drank from the brook, while the eagle yearly built her nest on the tops of the towering pines. Such was the style, and such were the surroundings of the first rough hotels of the wilderness springs of a hundred years ago, that led the way in the long line of magnificent structures that have since graced the modern village.

Arnold kept his little forest tavern for two summers, and was succeeded by Samuel Norton, who was driven away by the war of the revolution, and for six years the springs were again left to their savage occupants.

In the spring of 1783, a son of Norton returned to his father's deserted cabin, and remained until 1787, when Alexander Bryant became the owner of the Schouten house. Bryant built a blacksmith shop, and another log tavern near by. It was in 1783, also, that Gen Schuyler cut a road from old Saratoga, now Schuylerville, on the Hudson, into the springs, and in the following year built his rude frame summer house near the high rock spring.

In 1789 Gideon Putnam and Dr. Clement Blakesley settled at the springs. Dr. Blakesley occupied the Schouten house, and Putnam located on his farm a mile west of the village. It is to the enterprise of Gideon Putnam that the village is indebted for much of its early prosperity.

In 1790 Benjamin Risley, from Vermont, bought the Schouten house, and opened a hotel which was for ten years the rival of Bryant's house on the opposite corner of the little clearing near the high rock spring.

It was in the month of August, 1792, that Governor John Taylor Gilman, of New Hampshire, who had been a delegate in the Continental Congress, was staying at the Schouten house. Upon a sunny afternoon he took his gun and wandered up the creek into the deep woods in search of game. Coming to a little waterfall he found at the foot of it a small jet of sparkling water issuing from the rocky bank of the stream. Stooping down to taste it, he found the little sparkling jet, no bigger than a pipe-stem, to be mineral water. Hastening back to his boarding place, Gilman made known his discovery.*

Every person in the settlement was soon at the foot of that cascade in the deep, wild woods, wondering at the curious spectacle. And you could almost count them all upon your fingers' ends. There were Risley and his

* In May, 1875, I published an article entitled "Saratoga" in the *Troy Times*, which is copyrighted. In the summer of 1875, the Messrs. Taintor, of New York, published their guide book entitled "Saratoga, and how to See it." In their guide book the Messrs. Taintor inserted large portions of my article on Saratoga, in violation of my copyright, and without giving me any credit for it. Some of the matter so taken I have reclaimed for the purposes of this address.

family of the Schouten house. There was Alexander Bryant, the patriot scout of the revolution, who kept the only rival tavern. There were Gen. Schuyler, and Dr. Blakesley, and Gideon Putnam, and Gilman's brother, and a few more guests who were at the little log tavern were all doubtless there. And there too, was Indian Joe from his clearing on the hill, near where the Clarendon now is, and some of his swarthy brethren from their huts near the High Rock, wondering at the strange commotion among the pale faces at the little waterfall in the brook.

And they all, gathering around it, each in turn tasted the water of the newly found fountain, and pronouncing it of superior quality, they named it then and there the Congress spring, out of compliment to its distinguished discoverer, and in honor of the old Continental Congress of which he had been a member.

In the year 1794 John and Ziba Taylor opened a small store in one of the rooms of the Schouten house, and became the pioneer merchants of the Springs.

But in the year 1800 a new era dawned upon Saratoga Springs. In that year Gideon Putnam bought an acre of land of Henry Walton on what is now the site of the Grand Union, then in the depths of the old forest, and clearing off the heavy growth of pines, built the first of the large, commodious and elegant hotels for which Saratoga has since become so distinguished. Of the large hotels the Congress Hall was first opened in 1815, and the United States in 1824. Such were the small beginnings of the first quarter of a century of this great watering

place and up to a period within the memory of living men.

XV.



CONCLUSION.

And now during these, the centennial years of the first rude openings of the Springs in the northern wilds, this whole village is crowded with hotels, the largest, grandest, best appointed in the world, within a stone's throw of each other, and glittering with more than oriental splendor. When all lighted up of a summer evening, the streets filled with gay promenaders—the wit, the wealth, the fashion and the beauty of half the world all there, the scene presented is like that of some fairy land. Surely has some enchanter touched with magic wand those old rude hotels of a century ago, and transformed them into palaces like those famous in eastern story.

The future historian will have much to say of the progress of the village during the present century. He will have much to say also of the gifted men who, during the last seventy-five years, have made this village their homes. Men eminent in jurisprudence and the law; men celebrated in divinity and medicine; men and women distinguished in literature, in science and the arts. But the story of their lives and deeds has already been written on a thousand pages, and I need not repeat it here.

In reviewing these historical memories we have seen how the old hunting grounds of *Kay-ad-ros-se-ra* and

Sa-ragh-to-ga were for a hundred and seventy years the theatre of sanguinary warfare. To-day we look around us upon a fairer scene, and see how ninety years of smiling peace have made the old wilderness to “bud and blossom even as doth the rose.” We have seen how a hundred years ago no one came to these old springs of the forest but serpents and wild beasts, and still wilder men. To-day we see how many steps from all the nations of the earth are turned toward this great watering place—this Mecca of our country’s highest civilization; we see how all eyes are gazing at its sparkling, bubbling fountains, and how all lips are tasting of their healing waters.

 IN PRESS, AND SOON TO BE PUBLISHED. 

NORTHERN NEW YORK

—AND ITS—

GREAT WILDERNESS.

—BY—

N. B. SYLVESTER.

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